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## Robert Franz.

(Translated for this Journal from the German of A. W. AMBROS.)\*

(Concluded from page 202.)

One of the most noteworthy and important sides of Franz's artistic character I have not yet considered: his relationship, his intimate affinity, indeed, with JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. His love and veneration for the great Cantor of the Thomas Kirche is founded in his inmost nature: it has in it a trait of elective affinity. When Hanslick, for example, frankly confessed that to him certain works of Bach were "strange, cold, unintelligible," it is almost touching to hear how Franz, as Hanslick says, "sought to convert him"† to these very works. Hear Franz's own words, written at that time to Hanslick about Bach's Church Cantatas: "If you will look at these Cantatas with a mind unprejudiced, I doubt not for a moment that you will be in rapture with their lofty spirit. But first you must approach the master closely with your heart and feeling; the winnowing and equalizing understanding will of itself already find its own account in it. Happy should I be, could I contribute a little to your more lively interest in the immeasurable greatness of the man. When you have once buried yourself in his style, then he will take your soul prisoner and will weave a net about you, as he has about the souls of our favorites in Art, of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann: he put them in chains, so as to make them all the freer! And this may every one experience through Bach;—for this must he be brought nearer to mankind!"

I do not care to imitate those travelling apprentices, who run after a passing coach, and secretly climb up behind, to spare their own legs and get a lift over a piece of the way; dropping the simile, I do not like to use other people's labor through quotations, covering myself against the charge of plagiarism through the celebrated goose-foot-treaty ("—") concluded by a silent mutual understanding among authors. But this time I know of nothing better I could say,—at the most "with but a slight change of words," than what the author of the excellent article on Robert Franz in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* has said about the spiritual affinity between Bach and Franz:—"Franz works his way up to his own independence through a new influence, not perceptible in Schubert, and therefore all the more significant for him, namely through Sebastian Bach. What this greatest lyrist was for him in a purely musical regard, may be seen in the following: In general the polyphonic work predominates; hence the melody is an organic member of the whole, ingrown with the accompaniment; in Franz's melody we find Bach's peculiar turns in rich abundance. The modulations are laid out on a large, broad plan; Franz mostly modulates into the nearest related keys; hence the play of colors, the perpetual alternation between major and minor in many of his songs, as distinguished from the classical music, which mostly modulates in the tonic, dominant and subdominant. Herein consists the new and peculiar feature of the song melody of Franz, that it announces a free appropriation of the Bach method in the formation of melodies. A

careful observer will find, that his leading themes always contain definite, self-centred, beautiful and simple harmonic relations; that even without the bass they give an intelligible image, bearing the bass as it were within themselves."

And so Franz, reverencing the old Bach like a saint, has turned his whole attention, with a devout enthusiasm, with an understanding, which one cannot help admiring, to the task of bringing the vocal compositions of Bach and of his great soul's brother and contemporary, Handel, nearer to us inheritors of the great times of Art, through his pious and judicious completions of their orchestral accompaniment. "These labors," remarks Hanslick, "have furthered in a remarkable degree the diffusion and acceptance of those works, and have converted many an one to Bach, who, shrinking as if frost-bitten from the cold skeleton of the original score, could not draw near the master with his heart." I think, when Franz crosses the market place in Halle, the bronze statue of Handel must nod to him familiarly; and so too in Leipzig the old Bach (who from a niche in his monument, as from a very narrow little window of the blissful immortality, peeps out into our perishable world of time, and, being thus hemmed in, cannot possibly nod) must, if he sees Franz pass by, a guest in Leipzig, at least allow his grim but kindly Cantor's face to light up with a smile of benediction. The beautiful saying of Goethe's Tasso:

"Homer forgot himself, his whole existence  
Was to the contemplation of two men devoted,"

can be applied here with full justice, if instead of the name of the old Greek *aoidos* we put the name of our *aoidos* of Halle. Bach and Handel! Those truly are two men worthy of one's contemplation.

There are people, who, like watchmen of the musical Zion, cry fire at the mere sight of the Robert Franz "Bearbeitungen." Instead of "Bearbeitungen" I would rather call them "necessary completions in the style of the original." Not in the least will it do to compare them (as has been done) with "paintings over of precious old originals"; for what is painted over becomes inseparable from the old art work, and hands profane, incompetent, may ruin a miracle of Art forever. Who can look upon Leonardo's Supper in Milan, or the great Andrea del Sarto in Berlin without deep pain? But even were one to reject the Franz arrangements altogether, he can still return to the originals, and to their *magro stretto* (as the pious people in Rome call the strictest fast days). But Handel and Bach themselves would probably decline with thanks the invitation, should you bid them as guests to the aforesaid *magro stretto*. With the old masters a large musical work was not so much a draft at sight on future immortality, as it was, short and good, a musical service which they wished to perform to the honor of God and of Art upon some stated occasion; a performance, in which they, sitting at the thousand-voiced gigantic instrument, the organ, coöperated powerfully with their own artistic giant personality. In the hands of the singers, violinists and players of wind instruments they had of course to place their parts, in black and white; but they themselves from their organ filled out, conducted and controlled all this music, acting as the very soul of it. To work out an organ part for themselves, or have anything more before their eyes than a mere ciphered Bass, never occurred to them; the great orator speaks most persuasively, when he has merely noted down the points of his discourse, leaving the execution in detail to the inspiration of the moment;

not when he reads from the manuscript care ully prepared at his writing desk at home. "*Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo*:" thought the old masters; and Handel at the most wrote down for himself the word of command: "Let the Organ sound!" But how shall the organ sound? That is the question. I must beg the reader's pardon if I make use again of my old comparison of a coach rolling by. Very beautifully and strikingly says Hanslick of the "Bearbeitungen" of older works by Robert Franz: "That the majority of the accompanied vocal compositions of older masters can only produce a lively effect to-day, when an artistic helping hand fills up the gaps in them, makes the sonority complete, and carries out directions only hinted, is admitted by all musicians, who comprehend the music as a living art and not as a mere archaeological study. The only difference can be about the measure and the method of such aids. But we know that most of the old works were not performed with literal adherence to the scores. The figured Bass in these scores proves, that improvisation on the organ or the clavichord came in by way of complement; and it is well authenticated that Bach especially, having a very insufficient orchestra at his command, made his accompaniment almost the main affair; indeed he was compelled to do so. 'He who will rightly understand the delicate in thorough bass and what accompanying a thing well means,' writes the old Mitzler, 'must hear the great J. S. Bach, who so accompanies every general bass to a solo, that one would think it a Concerto, and that the melody, as he makes it at first hand, had been already set beforehand.' Compared to the sonorous life and fulness, which Bach's Cantatas gained under his own hands, the scores as they have been handed down are merely sketches of scores, to which the flesh and bloom are wanting more or less. If these score sketches—contrary to the purpose of the master—are literally reproduced, the Arias and Duets, particularly with the indefatigable *obligato* instruments running at their side, sound meagre, empty, often actually repulsive, and enable us to understand the malicious saying of a 'modern,' who on hearing one of Bach's Arias with Violin *obligato*, remarked: That sounds as when a mother goes a-begging with her child. The restoration and completion of Bach's scores in the spirit of the master is a task of infinite difficulty. Pedantic philologists, to whom the dead letter is all in all, will never accomplish it; quite as little the mere men of routine, whose first thought is of making it easier of performance. Only an artist nature, one who is himself a tone-poet, will bring to the task the fine, sure instinct as to what is permissible in such after-creation, how conscientiously true to the text he must keep himself, 'what is becoming,' and how far he may add 'what is pleasing.' This gift has none received in richer measure, this art none exercised with greater mastery, than Robert Franz. In close affinity with the Bach spirit, Franz has, with a fineness of feeling that is without an equal, divined from the dead scores how the old master must have conceived the living execution in his own mind."

Robert Franz himself in his pamphlet: "*Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke*," has expressed himself upon this subject in such a worthy, calm, convincing manner, that the rest of us no longer need come forward as apologists for him. We shall do better, ere concluding, to cast a glance on the museum of noble art works which Franz has, as it were, unburied from the volcanic bed of ashes and given to the world again.

\* "*Deutsches Blätter: Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst*," von A. W. AMBROS. (Leipzig, 1872. F. E. C. Leuckart).

† See Hanslick's clever *feuilleton* in the *Wiener Neue Freie Presse* (Oct. 1871): "Robert Franz's Pamphlet on the Arrangement (Bearbeitung) of the Vocal Compositions of Bach and Handel,"—translated in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, Oct. to Dec. 1871.

Above all, a number (ten) of Bach's Cantatas, his *Magnificat*, his *Funeral Ode*, the *St. Matthew Passion* Music, a rich selection of Arias (nine for each of the four voices);—six Duets from the high Mass, from various Cantatas, &c. From Handel, twelve Arias out of his Italian Operas for Soprano; twelve ditto for Contralto, and twelve Duets from various Operas and the Chamber Duets; the *Jubilate* (both full score and for voices with piano); and soon will follow *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*.\*—To these German masterworks must be added the Italian: Astorga's *Stabat Mater*, and Francesco Durante's *Magnificat* (full Score and Piano). And, thrown in as it were, a fine orchestral elaboration of the favorite jubilant Aria of Bach: "*Mein gläubiges Herze*" (My heart ever faithful). What a world of music! Whoever would fully comprehend the service Franz has done, let him take for example the twelve Handel Arias and compare them with the old London edition of the same in the collection called *Apollo's Feast*. This with its dry accompaniment, designed with reference to the coöperation of the *Cembalo*, will perhaps remind him of Ezekiel's field of bones; while in the Franz arrangement he may see how the bones have returned to life, and in their place stand heavenly forms, full of immortal youth. We have been wont to look mysterious and shrug our shoulders, when Handel's Operas were mentioned (for the Oratorios we had respect!), and we scarce believed it in Chrysander, when we read how he speaks of them with love and with enthusiasm. The slight correction we get through these Arias and Duets, does us really no harm at all. When we remain utterly enchanted after the Siciliano from *Rinaldo* ("*Il vostro Maggio*"); when the wonderful tone of love in the song of Alceste: "*Spera si mio bene*," from *Admeto*, touches our deepest heart; when the impassioned and defiant Aria: "*Vanne sorella ingrata*," from *Radamisto*, astonishes us by its dramatic truth; when we greet with joy as a true jewel the Duo: "*Io t'abbraccio*," from *Rodelinda*—then we beg pardon of Chrysander for our unbelief and embrace Robert Franz in spirit. How he speaks the Handelian idiom! Not every one can do that. Can there, for instance, be anything more un-Handelian, or more anti-Handelian, than the orchestral accompaniment with which Meyerbeer has Robert-Diabolized the Aria from *Rinaldo*: "*Lascia ch'io pianga*?"

So too from our heart we wish, that through the Franz arrangement the public may become better and more nearly acquainted with Astorga and his wonderful *Stabat Mater*, than it can be through the opera of Abert, who, to be sure, lets his Tasso-Astorga intone the *Stabat*, but very much in the same way that a certain bookish lady quoted Schiller:

"Ah! life's fairest holiday  
With the May of life is flown;  
The girlhood loosed, the veil away,  
All the sweet illusion's  
—over."

Franz shows himself in his *Bearbeitungen* a contrapuntist, whom the time of Bach and Handel would have rejoiced to call their own. His polyphony does not choose its motives arbitrarily; examine them, and you will find how thoughtfully he forms them out of the material offered in the actual pieces by the old masters themselves. The Bach tone has so become a second nature with him, that in his composition (for instance) of Lennau's song: "*Der schwere Abend*" (Op. 37, No. 4), the thoroughly interesting accompaniment looks as if John Sebastian Bach on his part, in thankful acknowledgment and reciprocity of kindness, had for once arranged (*bearbeitet*) a song of Robert Franz. Do you not seem to have the accompaniment to some Bach's Church Cantata before your eyes?

Never to be forgotten is for me the day I passed with Robert Franz in Halle, late in the summer of

\* Lately published, both Score and Piano arrangement, in a most elegant edition, by F. E. C. Leuckart, Leipzig.

1871. We roamed through the valley of the Saal at Giebichenstein; the image of that lovely landscape has so intimately associated itself in my memory with that of Robert Franz, that I cannot separate them. The beautiful sunny day excited our friend to cheerfulness; he spoke with animation of Art, of life—often words which I, as Schumann one day said of Mendelssohn, "would fain have engraved in gold." We walked in Reichardt's garden; we saw the rosebush which Goethe had once planted, and whose twigs are even now beginning to embrace the simple rural dwelling house. Then it seemed to me as if Reichardt came out to meet us, and said to the living master: "Thou hast completed what we once begun!"

### Schubert.

[From "Music and Morals," by the Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A.]

#### PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

In the parish of Lichtenthal, Vienna, the inhabitants are fond of pointing out a house commonly known by the sign of the "Red Crab," which, in addition to that intelligent and interesting symbol, bears the decoration of a small gray marble tablet, with the inscription "Franz Schubert's Geburtshaus." On the right hand is a sculptured lyre, on the left a wreath, with the date of the composer's birth, January 31, 1797.

Franz Schubert was the youngest son of Franz and Elizabeth Schubert; he had eighteen brothers and sisters, few of whom lived very long. His father was a poor schoolmaster, who, having little else to bestow upon his children, took care to give them a good education. "When he was five years old," his father writes, "I prepared him for elementary instruction, and at six I sent him to school; he was always one of the first among his fellow students." As in the case of Mozart and Mendelssohn, the ruling passion was early manifested, and nature seemed to feel that a career so soon to be closed by untimely death must be begun with the tottering steps and early lisps of childhood. From the first, Schubert entered upon music as a prince enters upon his own dominions. What others toiled for he won almost without an effort. Melody flowed from him like perfume from a rose; harmony was the native atmosphere he breathed. Like Handel and Beethoven, he retained no master for long, and soon learned to do without the assistance of any. His father began to teach him music, but found that he had somehow mastered the rudiments for himself. Holzer, the Lichtenthal choir master, took him in hand, but observed that "when-ever he wanted to teach him anything, he knew it already;" and some years afterward Salieri,\* who considered himself superior to Mozart, admitted that his pupil Schubert was a born genius, and could do whatever he chose. At the age of eleven Schubert was a good singer, and also an accomplished violinist; the composing mania soon afterward set in, and at thirteen his consumption of music-paper was something enormous. Overtures, symphonies, quartets, and vocal pieces were always forthcoming, and enjoyed the advantage of being performed every evening at the concerts of the "Convict" school, where he was now being educated—Schubert regarding this as by far the most important part of the day's work. At times music had to be pursued under difficulties; *Adagios* had to be written between the pauses of grammar and mathematics, and *Prestos* finished off when the master's back was turned. Movements had to be practiced, under some discouragements, during the hours of relaxation. "On one occasion," writes a friend, "I represented the audience: there was no fire, and the room was frightfully cold!" At the age of eleven he had been admitted as chorister into the Imperial choir, then under the direction of Salieri, where he remained until 1813, when his voice broke. There can be no doubt that Salieri, the avowed rival of Mozart, and as narrow and jealous a man as ever lived, was very fond of Schubert, and exercised an important influence over his studies, and yet it would be impossible to conceive of two minds musically less congenial. Salieri was devoted to Italian tradition, and was never even familiar with the German language, although he had lived in Germany for fifty years. Schubert was the apostle of German romanticism, and almost the founder of the German ballad, as distinct from the French and Italian Romance. Schubert thought Beethoven a great composer—Salieri considered him a very much overrated man;

\* Salieri, born 1750, died 1825, now chiefly remembered as the person to whom Beethoven dedicated three sonatas.

† A sort of free grammar-school where poor students were boarded gratuitously.

Schubert worshipped Mozart, Salieri did not appreciate him. It was evident that persons holding such dissimilar views would not long remain in the relation of master and pupil, and one day, after a bitter dispute over a Mass of Schubert's, out of which Salieri had struck all the passages which savored of Haydn or Mozart, the recalcitrant pupil refused to have anything more to do with such a man as a teacher. It is pleasing, however, to find that this difference of opinion was not followed by any personal estrangement; and while Schubert always remained grateful to Salieri, Salieri watched with affectionate interest the rapid progress of his favorite pupil.

#### EARLY COMPOSITIONS.

The boyish life of Schubert was not marked by any peculiarities apart from his devotion to music. He was light-hearted, disposed to make the best of his scanty income, a dutiful and obedient son, fond of society, and of all kinds of amusement. We find nothing to account for the lugubrious titles which belong to so many of his early works, and which seem to fall across the spring-time of his life like the prophetic shadows of coming sorrow and disappointment. Between the ages of eleven and sixteen his compositions were "*A Complaint*," "*Hagar's Lament*," "*The Parricide*," and "*A Corpse Fantasia*." He left the "*Convict Academy*" in his seventeenth year (1813), and, returning to his father's house, engaged himself vigorously in the tuition of little boys. The next three years were passed in this delightful occupation, but the continuous stream of his music never ceased, and 1815 is marked as the most prolific year of his life. It witnessed the production of more than a hundred songs, half a dozen operas and operettas, several symphonic pieces, church music, chamber music, etc., etc. It is remarkable that at this early period he wrote some of his finest songs; and that, while many of his larger works at that time, and for some years afterward, continued to bear a strong resemblance to Mozart, some of these ballads are like no one but himself at his very best. Such are the "*Mignon Songs*," 1815, and the "*Songs from Ossian*."

Early in 1816 Schubert produced the most popular of all his works, "*The Erl King*." It was composed, characteristically enough, in the true Schubertian fashion. One afternoon when Schubert was alone in the little room allotted to him in his father's poems, he read the "*Erl King*." The rushing sound of the wind and the terrors of the enchanted forest were instantly changed for him into realities. Every line of the poem seemed to flow into strange unearthly music as he read, and seizing a pen, he dashed down the song nearly as it is, in just the time necessary for the mechanical writing.

The song so hastily composed was destined to have a remarkable future. It was sung some years after by Vogl at Vienna, and produced a great sensation. The timid publishers who had hitherto declined to publish Schubert's compositions now began to think him a young man of some talent, and Diabelli was induced to engrave and sell the song. Schubert got little enough, but in a few months the publisher made over £80 by it, and have since realized thousands. A few hours before his death, and when he was quite blind, Jean Paul desired to have it sung to him. Two years before Goethe's death (1830), and two years after Schubert's, Mme. Schröder Devrient was passing through Weimar, and sang some songs to the aged poet; among them was the "*Erl King*." Goethe was deeply affected, and taking Schröder's head between both his hands, he kissed her forehead, and added, "A thousand thanks for this grand artistic performance: I heard the composition once before, and it did not please me; but when it is given like this, the whole becomes a living picture!" The startling effect produced by Mme. Viardot in this song may still be fresh in the memory of some of our readers.

In 1816 Schubert applied for a small musical appointment at Laibach under government. The salary was only £20 a year; but, although now a rising young man, and highly recommended by Salieri, he proved unsuccessful. However, he was not destined to struggle much longer with the trials of the pedagogue's vocation, and soon afterward he consented to take up his abode in the house of his friend Schober. Schubert soon gathered about him a small but congenial circle of friends, and from the very scanty biographical materials before us we are able to catch some glimpses of them.

#### HIS FRIENDS.

Schober was several years his friend's senior, and lived a quiet bachelor life with his widowed mother. He was not especially musical himself, but passionately attached to art in all its forms, and when unable to give, was all the more ready to receive. Schober was a poet, but his great merit will always consist in having recognized and assisted Schubert in the days



of his obscurity, and the one poem by which he will be longest remembered is the poem inscribed on his friend's coffin, beginning,

"Der Friede sei mit dir, du engelreine Seele!"  
"All bliss be thine, thou pure angelic soul!"

Gahy was a close friend of Schubert's, especially toward the close of his short life. He was a first-rate pianist, and with him Schubert studied Beethoven's symphonies, arranged for four hands, which could then so seldom be heard, besides immense quantities of his own fantasies, marches, and endless piano-forte movements.

At once the most singular and the most intimate of Schubert's friends was Mayrhofer, the poet. Tall and slight, with delicate features and a little sarcastic smile, he came and went, sometimes burning with generous emotions, at others silent and lethargic. He seemed to be swayed by conflicting passions, over which he had no control. He was constantly writing poetry, which Schubert was constantly setting to music. But as time went on, his nervous malady developed itself. He wrote less, and for hours gave himself up to the dreams of confirmed hypochondria. He held a small post under government. One morning, going into his office as usual, he endeavored in vain to fix his attention. He soon rose from his desk, and, after a few turns up and down the room, went up to the top of the house. A window on the landing stood wide open—he rushed to it, and sprang from a great height into the street below. He was found quite unconscious, and expired in a few moments.

Schubert could not have got on well without the brothers HUTTENBRENNER; to the end of his life they fetched and carried for him in the most exemplary manner. They puffed him incessantly at home and abroad; they bullied his publishers, abused his creditors, carried on much of his correspondence, and not unfrequently paid his debts; they were unwearied in acts of kindness and devotion to him—never frozen by his occasional moroseness—never soured or offended by the brusqueness of his manner. They have still in their possession many of his MSS., every scrap of which they have carefully preserved, with the exception of two of his early operas, which the housemaid unluckily used to light the fires with.

The last and most important of this little coterie was JOHANN MICHAEL VOGL, born in 1768. He was educated in a monastery, and although he sang for twenty years in the Viennese opera, he never lost his habits of meditation and study, and might often be met with a volume of the New Testament, Marcus Aurelius, or Thomas à Kempis in his hand. Twenty years older than Schubert, and possessed of a certain breadth and nobleness of character in which his friend was somewhat deficient, he very soon acquired a great ascendancy over him. They became fast friends, and Vogl was the first to introduce Schubert to the Viennese public. He could hardly have been more fortunate in his interpreter. Vogl not only possessed a remarkably fine voice, perfect intonation, and true musical feeling, but he was universally respected and admired; and as he had ample means of studying the real spirit of Schubert's songs, so he had frequent opportunities of extending their popularity.

#### HIS APPEARANCE.

Schubert himself was now about twenty years old. His outward appearance was not prepossessing; he was short, with a slight stoop; his face was puffy, and his hair grizzled; he was fleshy without strength, and pale without delicacy. These unpleasant characteristics did not improve with years. They were partly, no doubt, constitutional, but confirmed by sedentary, perhaps irregular habits, and we are not surprised to find his doctors, some years later, recommending him to take fresh air and exercise. Schubert, though a warm hearted, was not always a genial friend, and his occasional fits of depression would sometimes pass into sullenness and apathy; but music was a never-failing remedy, and Gahy used to say that, however unsympathizing and cross he might be, playing a duet always seemed to warm him up, so that, toward the close, he became quite a pleasant companion. Huttenbrenner, it is true, called him a tyrant because he was in the habit of getting snubbed for his excessive admiration. "The fellow," growled out Schubert, "likes everything I do!" Schubert did not shine in general society. He possessed neither the political sympathies of Beethoven, nor the wide culture of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Almost always the greatest man present, he was frequently the least noticed; and while drawing-room plaudits were often freely lavished upon some gifted singer, few thought of thanking the stout, awkward, and silent figure who sat at the piano and accompanied the thrilling melodies which had sprung from his own heart. Only when music was the subject of discussion would he occasionally speak like one who had a right to be heard. At such times his face would seem

to lose all that was coarse or repulsive, his eyes would sparkle with the hidden fire of genius, and his voice grow tremulous with emotion.

#### WORK AND ROMANCE.

In 1818, Count Esterhazy, a Hungarian nobleman, with his wife Rosine, and his two daughters Marie and Caroline, aged respectively fourteen and eleven, passed the winter at Vienna. Schubert, who, as a rule, refused to give music lessons, was induced in this one instance to waive his objections, and entered this nobleman's house in the capacity of music-master. He found the whole family passionately devoted to the art. Marie had a beautiful soprano voice, Caroline and her mother sang contralto, Baron Schönstein took the tenor, and the Count completed the quartet by singing bass. Many of Schubert's most beautiful quartets were written for the Esterhazy family; among them, "The Prayer before the Battle," on the words of La Motte Fouqué, and numbers of his songs (such as "Abendlied," "Morgengruss," "Blondel zu Marlen," and "Ungeduld") were inspired by the charms of their society, and the scenes which he visited with them.

At the close of the season the family thought of leaving Vienna; but Schubert had become necessary to them, and they could not bear to part with him, so he went back with them to Hungary. Count Esterhazy's estate was situated at the foot of the Styrian Hills, and here it was that Schubert fell in love with the youngest daughter, Caroline Esterhazy. As his affectionate intercourse with the family was never interrupted, we may suppose that Schubert kept his own counsel at first, and was never indiscreet enough to press his suit. The little girl was far too young to be embarrassed by his attentions, and when she grew older, and may have begun to understand the nature of his sentiments, she was still so fond of him and his music that, although she never reciprocated his love, there was no open rupture between them. Caroline played at platonic affection with great success, and afterward married comfortably. She could, however, sometimes be a little cruel, and once she reproached her lover with never having dedicated any thing to her. "What's the use," cried poor Schubert, "when you have already got all!"

Had not art been his real mistress, he would probably have been still more inconsolable. Perhaps no one ever knew what he suffered from this disappointment in early love. Even with his most intimate friends he was always very reserved on these subjects. That he was not insensible to the charms of other women is certain, and in the matter of passing intrigues he was perhaps neither better nor worse than many other young men. But it is also certain that no time or absence ever changed his feelings toward Caroline Esterhazy, for whom he entertained to the last day of his life the same hopeless and unrequited passion. In Baron Schönstein, the family tenor, he found another powerful and appreciative admirer, and a vocalist second only to Vogl. "Dans les Salons," writes Liszt in 1838, "j'entends avec un plaisir très-vif, et souvent avec une émotion qui allait jusqu'aux larmes, un amateur le Baron Schönstein dire les Lieders de Schubert—Schubert, le musicien, les plus poètes qui fut jamais!"

Schubert was not a happy man, and as he advanced in life he lost more and more of his natural gaiety and flow of spirits, and at times would even sink into fits of the deepest despondency. He writes to a dear friend in 1824:

"You are so good and kind that you will forgive me much which others take ill of me—in a word, I feel myself the most wretched and unhappy being in the world! Imagine a man whose health will never come right again, and who, in his despair, grows restless and makes things worse—a man whose brilliant hopes have all come to naught, to whom the happiness of love and friendship offers nothing but sorrow and bitterness, whom the feeling—the inspiring feeling, at least of the beautiful threatens to abandon forever, and ask yourself whether such a one must not be miserable? Every night when I go to sleep I hope that I may never wake again, and every morning renews the grief of yesterday; my affairs are going badly—we have never any money."

No doubt Schubert suffered from the exhaustion and relapse which is the torment of all highly sensitive and imaginative temperaments. But his troubles, after all, were far from imaginary. Step by step life was turning out for him a detailed and irremediable failure. Crossed in early love he devoted himself the more passionately to art, and with what results? He had, indeed, a small knot of admirers, but to the public at large he was comparatively unknown. He set about fifty of Goethe's songs to music, and sent some of them to the poet, but never got any acknowledgment, nor was it until after his death that Goethe paid him the compliment of a tardy recognition. Although many of his airs were treasured up in the

monasteries, when Weber came to Vienna in 1823 he was unacquainted with any of his music, and called him a dolt; and in 1826, when Schubert humbly applied for the place of vice-organist at the Imperial Chapel, Chapel-master Eybler had never heard of him as a composer, and recommended Weigl, who was accordingly chosen instead. Although the publishers accepted a few of his songs, he constantly saw the works of men like Kalkbrenner and Romberg preferred to his own. Of his two great operas, *Alfonso and Estrella* was practically a failure, and *Fierabras* was neither paid for nor performed. Public singers not unfrequently refused to sing his music, and his last and greatest symphony, the Seventh [9th?], was pronounced to be too hard for the band, and cast aside. Much of his failure may be attributed, no doubt, to his constant refusal to modify his compositions, or write them down to the public taste. His behavior toward patrons and publishers was not conciliatory; he was born without the "get on" faculty in him, and was eminently deficient in what a modern preacher has called the "divine quality of tact." In the midst of all these disappointments, although Schubert was never deterred from expressing his opinion, his judgment of his rivals was never embittered or unjust. He was absolutely without malice or envy, and a warm eulogist of Weber and even Rossini, although both of these favorites were flaunting their plumage in the sunshine while he was withering in the shade.

In 1824 he revisited the Esterhazys in Hungary. His little love was now sixteen, but with her dawning womanhood there was no dawn of hope for him. And yet he was not unhappy in her society. His many troubles had made him so accustomed to pain—it was so natural for joy to be bitter, and life to be "mixed with death," "and now," he writes, "I am more capable of finding peace and happiness in myself." All through the bright summer months, far into the autumn, he staid there. Many must have been the quiet country rambles he enjoyed with this beloved family. Marie seems now to have become his confidante, and from the tender sympathy she gave him, and the care she took of every scrap of his handwriting, we may well believe that a softer feeling than that of mere friendship may have arisen in her breast as they wandered together among the Styrian Hills, or listened to the woodland notes which seem to be still ringing through some of his inspired melodies. Gentle hearts!—where are they now!—the honest Count and Rosine—the laughing, affectionate girls—the simple-hearted, the gifted, the neglected Schubert?—not one of them survives, only these memories—like those sad garlands of immortelles, which are even now from year to year laid upon the tomb of Germany's greatest song-writer.

There remains little more to be told of Schubert's life; yet one scene before the last must not be passed by.

#### BEETHOVEN.

For thirty years Schubert and Beethoven had lived in the same town and had never met. Schubert worshipped at a distance. "Who," he exclaimed, "could hope to do anything after Beethoven?" On their first meeting, Beethoven treated Schubert kindly, but without much appreciation, and contented himself with pointing out to him one or two mistakes in harmony. Being quite deaf, he requested Schubert to write his answers; but the young man's hand shook so from nervousness that he could do and say nothing, and left in the greatest vexation and disappointment. It was only during his last illness that Beethoven learned with surprise that Schubert had composed more than five hundred songs, and from that time till his death he passed many hours over them. His favorites were "Iphigenia," "The Bounds of Humanity," "Omnipotence," "The Young Nun," "Viola," and the Miller's Songs. Between the intervals of his suffering he would read them over and over, and was repeatedly heard to exclaim with enthusiasm, "There is indeed a divine spark in Schubert. I, too, should have set this to music." But the days of Beethoven were numbered, and in March of the year 1827, he was overtaken by his last illness. Several of his friends, hearing of his dangerous state, came to visit him—among them came Schubert, with his friend Huttenbrenner. Beethoven was lying almost insensible, but as they approached the bed he appeared to rally for a moment, looked fixedly at them, and muttered something unintelligible. Schubert stood gazing at him for some moments in silence, and then suddenly burst into tears and left the room. On the day of the funeral, Schubert and two of his friends were sitting together in a tavern, and after the German fashion, they drank to the soul of the great man whom they had so lately borne to the tomb. It was then proposed to drink to that one of them who should be the first to follow him—and hastily filling up the cup, Schubert drank to himself!

## LAST DAYS.

In the following year (1828) he finished his seventh [9th?] and last great Symphony in C, and produced, among other works, the Quintet in C, the Mass in E flat, and the Sonata No. 3 (Hallé edit.), in B flat major. His health had been failing for some time past, but although he now suffered from constant headache and exhaustion, we do not find that he ever relaxed his labors in composition. In the spring he gave his first and last concert. The programme was composed entirely of his own music. The hall was crowded to overflowing; the enthusiasm of Vienna was at length fairly awakened, and the crown of popularity and success seemed at last within his reach; but the hand which should have grasped it was already growing feeble. He thought of going to the hills in July; but when July came he had not sufficient money. He still looked forward to visiting Hungary in the autumn, but was attacked with fever in September, and expired November 19, 1828, not having yet completed his thirty-second year.

He lies near Beethoven, in the crowded cemetery of Währing. On the pedestal beneath his bust is the following inscription:

"Music buried here a rich possession,  
and yet fairer hopes."

Here lies FRANK SCHUBERT; born Jan. 31, 1797; died Nov. 19, 1828, aged 31 years.

(Conclusion next time.)

## Pauline Lucca at St. Petersburg.

A London paper translates the following letter, was addressed, some time since, to the editor of a well-known Berlin paper:—

(To the Editor of the "Staatsbürger Zeitung", Jan. 6th, 1872.)

SIR,—For six years have I been a Russian citizen settled in St. Petersburg, but I never experienced here anything like the mad goings-on during the starring engagement of Mme. Lucca. That an Imperial carriage was sent to meet her; that tip-top aristocrats paid as much as fifty imperials for a single ticket; that the Emperor pressed her hand most graciously behind the scenes, and invited her to supper; that certain high Government officials mounted as far as the gallery, which we Berliners (I am a townsman of yours, you must know) call the amphitheatre, because they could not obtain, even by paying a whole year's salary, a place in keeping with their rank; that a Russian Count gave a thousand roubles for permission to stand behind the scenes; all these are facts which you have most probably learnt from the papers; for the little puss from the Victoria Terrasse has quite turned the heads of the newspaper tribe as well as those of everyone else in St. Petersburg. When Adeline Patti was starring it here, I thought that the house by the Neva (which you would call the New Chariot, on the banks of the Spree), would have to be increased by the addition of a whole quarter of the town; but Adeline is completely distanced by Pauline. I will merely tell you something about Mme. Lucca's last appearance; when, you must know, she sang the part of Mignon. As for my obtaining a ticket in the regular way, the thing was entirely out of the question. What did I do?—I wrote to Mme. Lucca informing her that I was a Berliner settled here; and that I should like to hear her at least once in my life; and that I wished to know whether, in exchange for money and fair words, I could not, through her mediation, procure a ticket. Who drove up to my house two hours afterward, do you think? Her maid, with an autograph letter from Mme. Lucca herself, and in the letter was a ticket—but for nothing—and she wrote to tell me she was always pleased to meet with a Berliner so far from Berlin. People here have offered me money for the letter, but I would not sell it for—well, I have locked it up for the present, and, if things should ever go wrong with me, I shall exhibit it at so much a head. But now, about what took place in the theatre. Mme. Lucca was called on forty-eight times, for I counted them myself—some of the newspaper writers here assert that they actually counted fifty-three times—she was obliged to repeat every vocal number three and even four times; bouquets, studded with diamonds, and as large as watch-wheels, flew through the air; hats and handkerchiefs were waved—there, as I have said, it was a regular mad-house; everyone was cracked, myself included; in fact, I think I was rather more crazy than the rest; when she opens her mouth, you feel all-overish, so to say. At the conclusion of the opera, I immediately ran out of the door through which the operatic artists pass when they go home. Mme. Lucca's carriage was already there, but the footman had all the trouble in the world to keep a clear passage from the building to the steps of the vehicle. At last she came! "Hats off" cried some one in French, but

he had no need to do so. She nodded right and left, and was about to get into her carriage at once. Not a bit of it. A gentleman in a large fur coat barred her way, and said: "Madame, before you drive off allow me to address a few words to you." She replied: "If you will get into the carriage with me, I will listen to you with pleasure, but you cannot wish me to stand here up to my ancles in mud" (there had been a thaw, and, at such times, all the streets of St. Petersburg are just like what your Chestnut Avenue is). The gentleman opened the door of the carriage, assisted Mme. Lucca and her maid to get in, and then continued: "Madame, a genius sits enthroned upon your brow." Mme. Lucca passed her handkerchief archly over her forehead, as if to wipe the genius off. The gentleman in the furs then went on: "You have enchanted us. Make us a promise to come and perform here next year." At this, the little prima donna laughed aloud, and replied: "Do you believe, honored advocate, that Herr Von Hülsen flings his leaves-of-absence about broadcast in that fashion? He never gives leaves of absence unless legally bound to do so, and, indeed, would be delighted, were I never to step over the Berlin frontier." The gentleman cocked his chin in the air, and said: "You are the supreme queen of opera!"—He was about to proceed when Mme. Lucca cut him short with these very words: "Aye, that's the bother! I must beg you to let me go, for I should not like returning to Berlin with a cold in the head. Ah—schat! There, you see, it's beginning already. If it last a week or so, the gentlemen of the Berlin press will pull me to pieces in a pretty fashion, and it will be all your fault, my dear sir. Drive on coachman." And off galloped the horses to the Hôtel Demuth. The evening previous to her departure, the officers sent the military bands to serenade her. The national hymns of Russia and Prussia were played alternately, while a crowd of Petersburgers, packed as close as herrings, stood in front of the Hôtel Demuth. I suppose Mme. Lucca is again singing among you, eh?—The above is the narrative of an eye witness. I send it to you in preference to anyone else, because the *Staatsbürger Zeitung*, which is frequently marked with a black line now by the Censorship, is read in several establishments, and I should be much pleased at seeing my letter printed in it.—[This wish is gratified. We can assert authoritatively that the projected professional visit to the United States of North America will not be carried out for two or three years. Probably Mme. Lucca sees before her mind's eye Catalani, who earned two million of dollars by her shakes and quavers among the Yankees. Meanwhile, it would be satisfactory were Mme. Lucca, as first lady chamber-singer of the German Emperor, to show herself a little more at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, which she treats rather too much like a stepmother.—ED.—*Staatsbürger Zeitung*.]

## A LETTER FROM OLGA EISEN, LADY OF MDME. PAULINE LUCCA AT ST. PETERSBURGH TO HER COUSIN, HULDA LEIBWEH, IN BERLIN.

(Translated from the *Kladderatsch*, by her friend Martha Perker.\*)

My dearest, dearest, popsiwopsiest Hulda.

There I never! Life is a comfort, Schiller says, or something like it, in the Gendarme Square at Berlin, where his statue is, but oh—there is nothing comes up to this blessed country, Russia; I vow I have been so delighted and enjoyed myself so much ever since we crossed the frontier that if you was to ask me I could not say whether I had been a standing on my heels or my head, no, that I couldn't. For art, there is only one Russia, and whoever comes here with any kind of a name, only not a bad one in course, will soon be as rich as Pluto, him you know, my love, who was the god of wealth. Oh, you should see the notices on our first appearance in the papers at the theatre, only they a'n't a patch up on the reality. Directly we got to Königsberg we found a express train with imperial salong carriages a-waiting for us, and what do you think; all the gards and people about the train were Russian Grand-Princes, who had ast leaf to ak in that capacity, so as to be the first to welcome us to their native shore. The ingen drivon was somebody tip-top, I can tell you, though I must not say who, and even the stoker was as good as our Hülsen, the manager of the Royal opera, at Berlin, and nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Do you call that nothink? At the fruntcher, there was a lot of millingitary and custom ouse officers. As a rool, every passenger is serched, male and female, an they ant too partikkeler how they

\* As far as possible, Miss Perker's orthography has been strictly respected. The only material difference between the printed copy and the original MS. is that the former is rather more carefully punctuated than the latter, though for fear of destroying the character of Miss Perker's style even punctuation has not been carried to its utmost limits.—PRINTER'S D.

does it, which they mite sometimes kreate a blush in the chokes of a respectable young woman. But there was nothink of the sort with us. Oh, dear no. They were as mild as buttermilk and a showing us every perlitensess all covered with orders and crosses on their bres, though, as I said, only customhouse officers. In the koopi it was lovely. A fitted up like a pallis, an the eet a streamin throu the oles in the flore like mad, so that we were obliged to old up our legs so as to prevent there a-burning. From time to time we tried to cool ourselves by eating some real hastragan caviare out of a large open jar, which it stood, leastwise, the jar, in the carridge, and then we threw ourselves on the two sofers to indulge in a little dolcheffarninety, when all of a sudden we heerd from under the pillar of Mad. Lucca's sofer her beautiful hair from the Notsee D. Figaro. You must know the two sofers were large musical boxes. Well, it went on like this till we got to St. Petersburg, where all the aristocracy had come to the stashun to have a good look at us. When we arrived at our hotel, we had scarce time to have a good wash before the Emperor Alexander came to see us, all rapped up in a splendid green fur coat. He was very grashus, and said: "My dear Pauline, Russia is at your feet," and then he offered her a sweetly-pretty foot-warmer to put into her bed, which was all diyermments and gold, because the Russian Court is the richest in all the world, and has diyermment minds of its one in the oral mountings, as likewise the Korkersus. When he went out, the Sar looked very ard at some one who shall be nameless, but tho I shoud him down stares, and they were very dark, I mus say he behaved hisself like a perffick gentleman.

After all this, my darlingest Hulda, just fancy our first appearance as Mozart's *Zerliner*, when the tickets were sold by orktion for thousands of roubles each, and a chair had to be put at the door for the Grand Prince by the box-keeper who gave him a gold snuff-box set with diyermments, which he says he shall treasure as a memento of him all his life. When we made our first entrance! Oh, my! What hooting, and shouting, and goings-on! I had often heerd of their doings in Russia, but on this occasion I said to myself: "Well, seeing's beleving, for you could never describe it, so I will not attempt it, which would be madness. When the performance was over, the kurtin had to be rased about forty times, so that I thought the roller would be wore out before they had done, for the Russians can't be stop when they are wonce set going without a touch of the mont. Well, at last my poor dear Missis was that tired that she was obliged to steel away in Kognitow. So I got in the carrige all by myself. They thought I was Mme. Lucca, so they took out the horses and dragged me in triumph to our hotel. I didn't underceive them. Why should I? I boughed and smiled just like Missis, and they whorayed till they were horse. I said I did not underceive them; I let them take me for the diver herself, for I never was proud, and virtue is its one reward, as some pursen throwd a booki into the carrige winder, in the middle of which was a magnificent bracelet. I kep it, of course, for I looked on it as one of my requisites. Russia is the real country for artists, and I am very glad I came, for what I have already received as presents in hard cash and banknotes, I can't tell you. People say the Amerikans beat the Russians. I can't believe it, though I do hope it is true, and I am not above confessing as much to you, for we are engaged next year at New York in Amerikker, which is a republik, and close to the equator. I here it is so hot there that people achully go about without a rag to cover them. That's very shocking, a'n't it, but I must go, for I promised the little missis I would, and the turns offered us beet everythink ever known before. I can't help people preferring a state of natchur to the latest fashuns, can I? No! Art before natchur, say I. All for art and no false shame. I shall go, and so I am ever yours, most affechnately, dear.

OLGA EISEN.

## Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet".

NILSSON AS OPHELIA.

(From the New York Sun, March 23.)

Who would suppose that Mr. Strakosch would have waited till the last night but one of Miss Nilsson's appearance in New York to bring her before the public in an opera that she has made so conspicuously her own as "Hamlet."

He had his own good reasons, doubtless; and whether it was that the season is not yet at an end, except in the imagination of the public, or that "Hamlet" might, if produced earlier, have proved a *fiasco*, and so injured the campaign, Mr. Strakosch best knows.

At all events, managers have as clear a right to do unexpected things as the rest of mankind; and certainly a twelfth-hour "Hamlet" (supposing always that this is the twelfth hour) is better than none at all.



Ambrose Thomas wrote this opera that Miss Nilsson might sing *Ophelia*, and he created for her in that character a rôle for which she is eminently fitted, and which gives scope to her varied powers. The opera was first brought out in Paris in March, four years ago.

M. Faure, a splendid singer and an actor of consummate skill, was *Hamlet*, the rôle filled here last evening by M. Barre. Mme. Gueymard was the *Queen*—certainly no better a representative of the character than Miss Cary proved herself. M. Beival was the *King*. Jamet assumed the rôle here, and fills it with credit to himself.

The Parisians when the opera was first given were tolerably content with the first act, yawned dreadfully during the second and third, were electrified by the fourth, and endured the fifth. The fate of the opera was not essentially different at the Academy of Music last evening. Here, however, as well as in London, the last act is dispensed with, the opera having reached the culminating point of interest with the death of *Ophelia*, which occurs at the close of the fourth act.

The libretto is from the same hands that prepared that to "Mignon." Messieurs Carré and Barbier, the inseparables, are the authors, and they have combined against Shakespeare after as gentle a fashion as could have been expected from two Frenchmen bent on subduing the greatest of tragedies to the necessities of the lyric stage. As "*Hamlet*" is poetical, imaginative, metaphysical, and reflective, it would seem to hold out but slight temptation and every possible disadvantage to the librettist. But the courage of the writers was equal to the occasion, and we have "To be or not to be" (*Etre ou ne pas être, O mystère !*), and a number of other famous passages reduced to musical notation.

*Hamlet's* advice to the players was evidently too much for these daring play writers, and for this they substituted a drinking song. Shade of the divine William! *Hamlet* singing a drinking song. The wonder is that the perturbed ghost of Shakespeare does not appear upon the stage in place of the rheumatic and jerky apparition of the deceased *King* that Signor Coletti horrifies us with.

The story during the four acts here given is followed in a sketchy way with tolerable fidelity. The first act opens with a chorus. This seems to be conceded as an operative necessity. Next comes a somewhat elaborate duo between *Ophelia* and the *King*—by no means as good as the Hiredelle duo for the same voices in "*Mignon*." There is also a solo for *Laertes* (Brignoli), some concerted music, and a final chorus, written in polka time and having a certain vivacity.

The music in this act and also in the two following is well composed and pure and elevated in style, not descending to any trickery to catch the public ear; but there is no disguising the fact that it is very tedious and heavy. Occasionally it lights up for a few bars. Nilsson gives it life by her sweet presence and beautiful singing; Miss Cary does excellently, commanding attention and admiration during her aria in the second act; but the impression constantly returns that Thomas labored with his theme, and that Hercules, not Euterpe, came to his aid. There is a lack of inspiration; the melodies appear not to have come to the composer in spite of himself, but to have been thought out and worked out. It is not till the fourth act that the muse has smiled on him. But here Thomas rose to the situation and redeemed his Opera.

Without the great scene for *Ophelia*—her mad scene—the opera could not have outlived a second representation.

Miss Nilsson has familiarized us in the concert room with her superb rendering of this scene, but it requires the accessories and facilities of the stage to enable her to do it justice, and of these she availed herself last night to give us the most striking dramatic picture that she has yet presented. And not only the most striking, but by far the loveliest and most affecting.

During the whole of the touching mad scene the audience listened with absorbed attention. The music is full of violent transitions, much of it sparkling and riant, and some of it exceeding plaintive.

The melody of the plaintive portion—almost the only set melody in recognizable form in the whole opera—is not Thomas's own music, but is borrowed from Scandinavian sources, being a Dalecarlian folksong much sung in old days by Jennie Lind. This is repeated by a chorus behind the scenes *d bouches fermées*. The effect is a very fine one, not given in the concert rendering of the scene. It is an invitation from the water nymphs to *Ophelia* to join them. She lies down among the rushes, and is floated away upon the current, singing as she goes.

The audience were very much excited as the curtain fell, and recalled Miss Nilsson with *bravos* more hearty than any she has received during the season.

She brought with her as she reappeared the basket of flowers and the two doves that had been given her at the close of the third act. Every one seemed to have forgotten the tediousness of the preceding acts, and to remember only the beauty of the last one.

Mr. Barre had a very thankless rôle. The music of "*Hamlet*" is not such as to win for the singer much applause. Moreover, it is exceedingly difficult. It is all the more, therefore, to Mr. Barre's credit that he sang it with such fidelity and conscientiousness.

In no character that he has taken has this gentleman shown himself so much an artist as in this.

To-day at the matinée "*Robert le Diable*" will be given, and on Monday evening "*Hamlet*" will be repeated.

### Familiar Music.

[From the Boston Globe.]

When and how tunes become popular is a somewhat curious theme for reflection. We wake up some fine morning and hear almost everybody whistling a melody we have never heard before. We wonder whence it has come, and think how pretty it is, and while we are pondering on the subject we find ourselves taking up the strain, and adding our mite toward increasing its circulation. Before the day is over the streets resemble groves of brick and mortar echoing to the shrill pipings of the unfeathered songsters. In a week what had been a new thing of beauty, promising to be a joy forever, becomes an intolerable bore, and we wonder how we could have ever seen anything to admire in the dreary, commonplace thing.

At length it ceases as suddenly as it began, and Earh knows it no more. Now, the mystery is, who began to whistle it first! It must have had a beginning, and yet it comes upon us so suddenly from a thousand lips at once, and appears in full bloom without having budded. But this, though strange enough, is less strange than the suddenness with which it ceases to be heard. Who is the last man that whistles a popular melody? The same mystery enshrouds him as attaches to dead donkeys, the which, it is popularly believed, have never been seen by man. And yet there must exist such a being. But when he, too, has deserted the neglected air, it breaks forth again in a new form, and acquires a fresh lease of life through the agency of the barrel organ, and is listened to with a pleasure akin to that which hailed its first appearance; and through this agency it long remains a welcome friend.

It would doubtless be a matter of great surprise if we could possibly know the amount of good that is performed by these abused and much-maligned instruments. No one can have failed to observe the attention they attract whenever they pour forth their strains in the humbler quarters of the city. Children crowd about them with wonder and delight, windows are thrown up and women's toil-worn faces are moved to pleasure; while rugged men stop on their way and for a moment forget the cares of life. The best points of our common nature are brought out, too, in connection with these humble ministers of music—children learn to sympathize with poverty, and it is touching to observe with what eager satisfaction the offspring of the poor bestow their mite upon the organ-grinder if a child accompany him on his way. The poor feel for the poor; and it is from those on whom fortune has refused to smile that the street musician reaps his largest harvest.

There is much complaint against the barrel organ, and every now and then an effort is made to put them down, but it would leave a gap in the enjoyments of the poor, and they have but few enough, that could not be easily filled. If they really be the annoyance they are charged to be, yet it would be kindly to bear with them, for through them a spirit of charity, of sympathy and of tender feeling is perpetuated that would lie dormant were they not to bring it into active play. The love of music is one of the strongest sentiments of the human heart, and while the rich can gratify it by their operas and their concerts, it can only be gratified in the humble through the agency of the barrel organ, which is the concert, opera, symphony and oratorio of the poor.

### "Passion" in Music.—Italian and German.

We cannot deny to Italy the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has also shown himself a master of the very limited effects of harmony which it suited his purpose to cultivate. Then why is not Rossini as good as Beethoven? Absurd as the question sounds to a musician, it is not an unreasonable one when coming from the general public, and the only answer we can find is this: Not to mention the enormous resources in the study and cultivation of harmony which the Italians, from want of inclination or ability, neglect, the German music is higher than the Italian because it is a truer expression, and a more disciplined expression, of the emotions. To follow a movement of Beethoven is, in the first place, a bracing exercise of the intellect. The emotions evoked, while assuming a double degree of importance by association with the analytic faculty, do not

become enervated, because in the masterful grip of the great composer we are conducted through a cycle of naturally progressive feeling, which always ends by leaving the mind recreated, balanced, and ennobled by the exercise. In Beethoven all is restrained, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected, nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity, or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery, or even playfulness. And the emotions thus roused are not vamped up feelings of a jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist. They are such as we have experienced in high moods or passionately sad ones, or in the night, in summertime, or by the sea; at all events they are unfolded before us, not with the want of perspective, or violent frenzy of a bad dream, but with true gradations in natural succession, and tempered with all the middle tints that go to make up the truth of life. Hence the different nature of the emotional exercises gone through in listening to typical German and typical Italian music. The Italian makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. The sentiment of the one gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy; the natural feeling of the other gives us the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. The one is stagey—smells of the oil and the rouge pot—the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives. It is not good to be constantly dissolved in a state of love-melancholy, full of the languor of passion without its real spirit—but that is what Italian music aims at. Again, the violent crises of emotion should come in their right places—like spots of primary color with wastes of gray between them. There are no middle tints in Italian music; the listeners are subjected to shock after shock of emotion—half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene, until at last we become like children who thrust their hands again and again into water charged with electricity, just on purpose to feel the thrill and the relapse. But that is not healthy emotion—it does not recreate the feelings; it kindles artificial feelings, and makes reality tasteless.

Now whenever feeling is not disciplined, it becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural. It is because German music takes emotion fairly in hand, disciplines it, expresses its depressions in order to remove them, renders with terrible accuracy even its insanity and incoherence in order to give relief through such expression and restore calm, flinches not from the tender and the passionate, stoops to pity, and becomes a very angel in sorrow; it is because German music has probed the humanities and sounded the depths of our nature—taught us how to bring the emotional region not only into the highest activity, but also under the highest control—that we place German music in the first rank, and allow no names to stand before Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn and Schumann.—*Musical and Morals.*

### Dr. Ferdinand Hiller on Dr. Hans von Bülow.

The *Musical World* (London) translates the following piece of "Musical Chit-chat" from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

We had yesterday a Beethoven Evening, for which we are indebted to Dr. Hans von Bülow. Bülow is one of the generals who divided among themselves the inheritance of Liszt-Alexander—not one of them is an Alexander, but for all that they have managed to drop into very respectable kingdoms of their own. (Should any one consider that this comparison of a great modern pianist with the greatest hero in the history of the world is somewhat too pretentious, we can, on the strength of information derived from the most authentic sources, tell him that the fair Athenians displayed less enthusiasm for Alexander the Great than the ladies of Berlin once exhibited for Liszt. The most eminent historians bear testimony that there was not one among the former who drank the tea the King had left in his cup.)

Herr von Bülow's audience, though not too numerous, were thoroughly select in a musical sense; and, for several hours, Herr von Bülow kept them in a state of such breathless astonishment, that the feeling at length became almost painful. His playful subjugation of all technical difficulties; his really military strength and power of endurance; his nearly infallible certainty; and his memory, in which all the pieces he played, and who knows how many more which he did not play, appear to be stored as safely as a collection of classics in an oak book-case, caused the audience to forget entirely that they had come to a Beethoven Evening. That Herr von Bülow treated us to so much beautiful, and some magnificent music, was a fact of which most decidedly very few of

his hearers thought—it was most emphatically his talent, and his capabilities which absorbed everything else. But this absorption was not of the kind produced by a demoniacally-genial power, when, after falling into a state of passive enthusiasm, we no longer ask what it really is that has plunged us in such intellectual intoxication;—no, Herr von Bülow, at any instant, knows what he wants to do. The performances are the performances of talent, not of genius; though it is perhaps for this very reason that they deserve an especial degree of respect. How much exertion, even with extraordinary natural gifts, is needed to attain such mechanical mastery, laughing at any corporeal considerations, how much vigilant attention, and how great a triumph over mental weariness—can be, perhaps, understood only by him who knows what ambition is capable of effecting.

From the whole nature of Herr von Bülow's talent, it is evident that his mode of executing Beethoven's music is due to deep thought, to ripe deliberation, rather than distinguished by warmth, or suggestive of spontaneous inspiration. As, however, Herr von Bülow has devoted himself with such extraordinary conscientiousness to the study of the great master, we feel astonished at seeing with how little clearness, notwithstanding certain admirable details, the general character of a piece comes out under his fingers. This, however, is perhaps to be traced to these very details. Herr von Bülow appears to experience a difficulty in renouncing for long his mechanical peculiarities. He is fond of the rumbling of the thunder, of ethereal *una corda* murmurings. But our great masters, radiant with vigor, move only exceptionally in extremes. Nor are *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* anything so absolutely and permanently settled that they must everywhere be given in the same way; to what extent each should be carried depends materially, we should say, on the general character of the composition. When, therefore, in a thoughtfully-cheerful and humoristically-touching picture, for instance, as the first movement of the Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, we meet with instances of *sforzandissimo* the impression created is similar to that which would be produced by an individual of polished manners addressing any one in the following terms:—"The most agreeable reminiscences are awakened in my breast by the fact of meeting you again. Where the devil have you been all this time?"

With regard to instances of license on the one side, and almost pedantic observance of the *tempo* on the other, as exemplified in the playing of Herr von Bülow, there is a great deal to which exception may be taken. But this would lead me too far, and besides, depends too much upon individual views. A protest, however, must undoubtedly be raised against the manner in which Herr von Bülow commenced the fugue in the A-flat major Sonata, Op. 110. That the theme of such a piece should be presented with characteristic clearness is a fact known to every one. But it is too much of a good thing, when the theme is paraded up and down, in a conceited manner, and all the subordinate parts, like distant tones, float along, in scarcely intelligible guise, by the side of it. It is precisely the beautiful freedom with which all the parts move that constitutes the peculiar charm of such a composition. To bring itself alone prominently forward, at the expense of other equally important parts, was something not permissible for the theme of a fugue even in former centuries—how then could anything of the kind be allowed in our democratic age!

Herr von Bülow, like most of the Liszt school, delights in believing not only himself but his instrument likewise capable of enormous things. Liszt, it is true, set the example of this. When Heine, writing of him, said the keys bled under his fingers, and the Viennese were enraptured at seeing him strew the floor of the orchestra with corpses of pianos, such a system, though not always beautiful and agreeable, had something humorous about it, which agreed very well with the exuberant spirits in which Liszt found vent for his geniality. With his successors we do not experience the same impression so deeply; it seems as though they wanted to puff the instruments they use, and to cry to the public:—"There, see what a grand piano like this can stand!"—Bechstein's grand, on which Herr von Bülow played yesterday, went through the ordeal in a really most astounding manner—proving itself a perfect horned Siegfried among pianofortes, the little unprotected place in which not even the grim Hagen von Troje of pianists could succeed in wounding.

Whether Herr von Bülow finds it an irresistible necessity to accompany his playing with an exceedingly lively and almost dramatic swaying and bending of his head, and the upper part of his body, is something we cannot decide. But that it aids the effect of his playing no one will assert. It is particularly advisable to concentrate the attention of the hearer upon the essential element in a performance,

when that element is, not simply of itself, but likewise comparatively, the best.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, March 3d.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 6, 1872.

### Symphony Concerts.—Close of the Season.

After seven successful seasons of classical orchestral concerts—in all about 70 concerts—the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION has reason to feel satisfied with the practical working of the plan in which it has persisted from the first: that namely, of guarantying programmes of the highest order to a guaranteed audience of lovers of the best, and never catering to mere selfish interests, vain glory, ignorance and low tastes.

The tenth and last Symphony Concert of the seventh season, which took place on Thursday afternoon, March 21, was eagerly attended, and probably by most listeners was felt to be the most important of the series. Of course any programme which includes so long, so uniformly great and serious a work as the "Heroic Symphony," whether it comes last, or first, or in the middle, must presuppose, for full enjoyment, such a sharp and healthy tone of intellectual appetite as only can exist ideally in a considerable portion of a great audience. Shall Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner be abolished, because we all associate with its happy memories some sense of dullness and satiety?—It was fit that the series should close with a great masterwork: and, inasmuch as the favorite pianist would surely be expected to play twice, there was no choice but to place the Symphony at the end of all, thus:

Overture, ("Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124 Beethoven.  
Piano-forte Concerto, in D minor, Op. 40. Mendelssohn.  
Allegro appassionato—Adagio.—Presto.

Miss Anna Mehlig.

Overture to "Lodoiska." (First time). . . . .Cherubini.

Piano Solo, "Etudes Symphoniques" (in the form of Variations), Op. 13. . . . .Schumann.

Miss Anna Mehlig.

Heroic Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55. . . . .Beethoven.

Allegro con brio.—Marcia funebre.—Scherzo.—Finale.

The inaugural or dedication Overture, which Beethoven composed for the opening of a theatre, is grand enough for any great occasion, even of national or world-wide import. (Only pray do not prostitute it to a Gilmore Jubilee!) It is not, artistically, one of his best Overtures; it has not the concentration and unflinching inspiration of the *Coriolan*, the *Egmont*, and the *Leonora*; and yet it is a noble work, bearing the stamp of majesty and power from the beginning to the end, and full of beautiful invention. It had made a deep mark in these concerts several times before,—especially in the centennial Beethoven year. This time it was played uncommonly well; for once we fairly heard the florid jubilation of the bassoon amid the trumpet proclamation in the first part; and never have the violins taken up and carried through the strong Handelian fugue theme in the latter part with more vitality and unity of purpose.

Mendelssohn's D-minor Concerto,—less overdone in concert rooms than the one in G minor, and quite as interesting,—was rendered with consummate grace and clearness, and with fine fervor, by Miss MEHLIG; and with the sympathetic orchestral accompaniment, the delicate tone poem charmed the audience. Of course there would be some not quite prepared, on a first hearing, to rightly comprehend or to enjoy so unique and remarkable a composition as the Schumann Variations, so large and crowded in their harmony, so broadly laid out, that he called them *Symphonic Studies*. But those who have studied them, or heard them played before in a smaller room, must have felt their originality, their beauty and exhaustless imaginative power growing upon them with each

successive variation. They were magnificently played. Not many pianists would undertake to grapple with so arduous a problem.

The Overture to *Lodoiska* is not one of Cherubini's greatest, and perhaps must take rank after all of those which had been given in these Concerts before (*Wassertänzer*, *Medea*, *Les Abencerrages*, *Anacreon* and *Faniska*.) Yet it is sweet, pure, true-hearted music; with some tender, lovely melodies in it; a little loosely strung together, perhaps, and a little thin; plainly an introduction to a drama rather than a complete musical whole by itself; yet fascinating through the same delicate, chaste traits that abound, not so much in the Overture, but in the incidental music of the play, "The Water-Carrier." As an unpretending, genuine, simple thing, between great works, it won a sincere welcome.

The great, sublime *Eroica* never seemed greater. If a few were weary with excess of richness and of beauty, the great mass of the audience were spell-bound to the end. From the first bar of the Allegro how it seems to grow before you! The rendering was on the whole about the clearest and the best that we have ever had. Were we to take exception anywhere it would be to the somewhat too slow and dragging—or at least the too unaccented, movement of the Funeral March; you did not feel the *marc* of it enough; and hence, with its great length, so fraught with meaning and with feeling, it produced fatigue. But almost every performance of it that we ever heard was open more or less to the same criticism.

We think we run no risk of contradiction when we say, that this seventh season has been upon the whole the richest and the best in the whole history of the Symphony Concerts, and that the improvement in the Orchestra has been unmistakable; indeed we need no longer look abroad for worthy models of orchestral execution. This in great part, of course, is due to the intelligent, devoted labor of our indefatigable Conductor, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN; and those who mourn that the rich fortnightly feasts are over, have now a double motive for making haste to secure seats at his Annual Benefit Concert, which will occur next Wednesday evening, when the same Orchestra will render all of Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*, and portions of the tragedy will be read by our own noble Boston artist, Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Mr. B. J. LANG's fourth and last Concert at the Globe Theatre, on Thursday, March 28, was the most interesting of them all. It began with the famous old Mendelssohn Quintet in B flat, of which the spirited *Allegro* and the beautiful *Adagio* were finely played by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. This was followed by the first movement of Beethoven's Piano Concerto in C minor, No. 3, which Mr. Lang played with mastery ability and taste, the orchestral accompaniment being represented by the quartet of strings, with double bass, flute and a second piano, at which sat Mr. G. W. SUMNER. The Trio by Rubinstein (in B flat) was repeated, to the general gratification, by Messrs. LANG, SCHULTZE and FRIES, who played it with great spirit. The Scherzo and Finale wear well, but we hardly found our first impression of the first Allegro, still less of the *Adagio*, so well confirmed as we had hoped.—A wholesome, happy, glorious finale was formed by the Bach Concerto in D minor for three pianofortes, in which the principal work was shared with Mr. Lang by Mr. LEONHARD and Mr. PARKER, the string quartet accompanying. The concerto is in three short movements: *Allegro maestoso*, *Alla Siciliana*, and *Allegro*. The middle movement is most exquisite, and all the rest is full of health and joy and beauty; and all three instruments inspired as by a common genius, each bearing its full part in the melodious conversation, yet neither of them striving to outshine its fellows. The artists did not slight a task so worthy of their best powers; it had been well rehearsed, and it all went to a charm, delighting every listener.

It was a pleasure to learn, by a note at the bottom of the programme, that Mr. Lang, with a group of his full-fledged artist pupils, are to give a series of four Symphony Concerts, with a small Orchestra, in a small hall (Mechanics, Bedford St.), on successive Thursday afternoons, beginning next week, April 11. Besides the orchestral selections, there will be the Hummel Septet, played by Mr. G. W. SUMNER; the Schumann Concerto, by Mr. G. ARTHUR ADAMS; a Concertstück of Carl Reinecke, by Mr. R. C. DIXEY; the Beethoven E-flat Concerto (No. 5), by Mr. H. G. TUCKER; and the Barcarolle from Sterndale Bennett's Concerto, No. 2, by Mr. W. F. APTHORPE. It is hoped that the orchestral selections will include the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphon', a Suite by Lachner, Beetho-



ven's Septet, Handel's "Water Music," Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony, Schumann's B-flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's Overture to "Fingal's Cave," &c., &c.

A very pleasing concert was that given by the N. E. Conservatory of Music at Wesleyan Hall on Tuesday last. This was the programme:

Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, op. 70 D maj. Beethoven.  
Song, "The Rose," Schumann.  
a. { Nocturne in B-flat minor, op. 9, Chopin.  
b. { Presto, from the Italian Concerto, Bach.  
a. { Recitative, "And lo! Judas came,"  
b. { Air, "The Lord is faithful and righteous,"  
from the Oratorio of "St. Peter," J. K. Paine.  
Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 103, A minor, Schumann.

These choice selections were all artistically rendered. Mrs. BARRY sang Schumann's "Rose, Meer und Sonne," in German, with exquisite purity and truth of feeling. But the most interesting number to the crowded audience was the selection from Mr. Paine's unpublished Oratorio. Of course an orchestra was needed for the full effect; but the composer himself, presiding at the piano, could indicate quite well his own intentions; and the Recitative, telling how Christ was seized, was of a noble thrilling character, with a stormy and appropriate accompaniment. The Air which followed, with violoncello obligato, was very beautiful and tender, chaste in style, and neither common nor affected. From certain hints in the piano part, we should think it must be deeply interesting with the orchestra. The singer entered warmly into the spirit of the music.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28.—On Monday evening, March 25, the curtain fell upon the most successful season of Italian Opera which New York has ever known. When Mr. Strakosch issued his prospectus last fall the enterprise was deemed hazardous, and it was thought that even Nilsson's great genius would fail to insure its success. And what has been the result? With a scale of prices nearly double that of any theatre in Paris, and a chorus and *mise-en-scène* disgraceful in any civilized country, the demand for seats has been unprecedented, and the house so crowded every night that a late comer found it difficult to secure standing room within view of the stage. The receipts for the last three weeks have been nearly \$90,000. From this, and other signs it is plain that the time is come for the establishment here of regular Opera.—an institution which would be liberally patronized by the public; abundantly sustained without subvention, and, if I mistake not, prove remunerative to the manager. We have something like this in prospect for next season, as I understand that Mr. Maretzek has a lease of the Academy for three evenings and one afternoon of each week, from Sept. 30, 1872, to May 1st, 1873, and that he is to give Italian Opera during that time, with Pauline Lucca and Miss Kellogg as Prima Donnas.

Miss Nilsson's farewell season began March 4th and ended on the 25th, consisting of ten nights and three matinees. The repertoire was as follows: *Mignon* (three times), *Martha*, *Traviata*, *Faust* (twice), *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Traviata*, *Robert le Diable* (twice), and *Hamlet* (twice). It will be seen that the management gave us none of the variety which might have been expected, *Robert* and *Hamlet* being the only novelties. One reason for this lack of variety may have been the fact that the chorus and scenery were utterly inadequate to anything out of the beaten track. Passing over those Operas that have become household words to us this winter (the most hackneyed of which was most justly and properly denounced in your columns not long since), I will speak briefly of two which are less familiar. After the musical platitudes of Verdi, in refreshing contrast, came the massive chorus and skilful orchestration of "Robert." We were curious to know what new charm our Prima Donna would add to the character of the Norman maiden, Alice. The cast was distributed as follows: Mlle. Christina Nilsson as Alice; Mlle. Marie Leon Duval, Isabella; Mlle. Billon, Helene; Sig. Brignoli, Roberto; M. Lyall, Rinaldo; M. Josef Jamet, Bertram.

The character of Alice affords little scope for variety of action, for throughout the opera she appears only in the attitude of a gentle and loving soul overshadowed by vague forebodings of a calamity which she knows not how to avert;—a danger which threatens her foster-brother.

There is no display of individual passion, no love, no jealousy; but the versatile genius of the singer, in the absence of that which makes the stock in trade of an ordinary actress, has created an original rôle even here, and her Alice is by far the best impersonation of that character which I have ever seen. From first to last she is moved rather by a holy hatred of evil, than by love for Roberto. In the last act she rises into positive grandeur, and caps the climax by a wonderful stroke of art in the cry "Oh gioia," which is inexpressibly thrilling and dramatic. How well she sang need not be said, and the airs "Vanne, disce al figlio," "Nel lasciar la Normandia," and "Sommo Iddio," as rendered by her, are not to be forgotten.

Mlle. Duval was good as Isabella, and M. Jamet made an excellent Bertram. The score of the Opera was cut and mangled without mercy, to give time for a long and tedious ballet, during which Brignoli, burning with ill concealed rage, stood surrounded by a bery of resuscitated nuns. The position is a trying one, to be sure, but the part once accepted, he should have made the most of it, and been Roberto instead of Brignoli.

On Friday, March 22nd, the long expected Opera of *Hamlet* was produced, with the following cast: Mlle. Christina Nilsson as *Ophelia*; Miss Anna Louise Cary, *The Queen*; Signor Brignoli, *Laertes*; Mons. A. Barre, *Hamlet*; Signor Colletti, *The Ghost*; Signor Reichardt, *Horatio*; Mons. Josef Jamet, *Claudius*; Signor Barilli, *Marcellus*; Signor Locatelli, *Polonius*.

The Opera was given in six tableaux, introduced, the first by an overture, and each of the others by a brief orchestral prelude. The first Tableau represents the Palace of the King of Denmark, and the coronation of Gertrude as Queen. It opens with a chorus, followed by a brief aria for the King, which gives place to a choral refrain: "Inni liti cantare dobbiamo," when all withdraw from the scene, and Hamlet advances slowly from the back of the stage and is presently joined by Ophelia. This scene contains the exquisite fragment of melody: "Negro tu puoi la luce" ["Doubt that the stars are fire"], sung by Hamlet, and the air "Angeli eterni," by Ophelia. Then Laertes appears, sings his aria and departs for the wars. The act closes with a spirited chorus: "Bando alla rismentia."

A solemn and ghostly prelude ushers in Tableau 2nd, "The platform scene," in which an elderly party clad in a complete suit of antique armor, and decorated with a long white veil, announced himself, in sepulchral tones, as "Thy father's spirit." By this time the faces of the auditors offered a more interesting spectacle than anything upon the stage. Some wore a look of blank amazement, others looked amused, others hopelessly bored. It was plain that those who came with preconceived ideas based upon the sparkling and seductive music of Mignon, were doomed to be grievously disappointed.

And so plot and music dragged their slow length along; the former shorn of all its majesty, the latter heavy, though by no means commonplace, through Part 3d (the Palace Gardens), containing an air for Ophelia, an air for the Queen, and a Drinking-Song for Hamlet, absurdly substituted for the "advice to the players" of Shakespeare.

Part 4th represents the play within a play, and here the librettists, departing from Shakespeare's plot, make Hamlet denounce the King as his father's murderer.

Part 5th opens with Hamlet's soliloquy, distorted, of course, almost beyond recognition. Then follows the interview between Hamlet and the Queen,—the affair of Polonius being left out,—and the re-appearance of the highly respectable ghost, whose advent was the occasion for an irreverent smile on the part of the audience.

Part 6th represents the borders of a lake, overhung by willows, and opens with a chorus of peasants. This is succeeded by a light and trivial ballet, continued during the greater part of the scene which follows, and introduced, apparently, as an artistic means of heightening by a bitter irony of contrast the effect of the tragedy.

What follows is beyond the power of words to describe. For, by her histrionic art, aided by some exquisite yet simple music, Miss Nilsson has made of Ophelia's madness and death a personation which I believe to be unequalled by any thing upon the operatic stage. And yet how simple the means by which so great an effect is produced! A few flowers fantastically disposed upon her head; her long hair trailing loosely upon her white attire; her sad eyes, now cast down, anon raised with a look from which reason's sweet light has fled; the pathetic sadness of her voice; the fragments of song cut short by hysterical laughter; the mute appeal of hand and arm. Watch the artist closely as you may, she never repeats herself, never descends to the level of the commonplace. She distributes rosemary and rue among the maidens, and sings to them of "La sirena," the wily siren who sleeps beneath the wave; she motions them to depart; by one she leaves her; the trivial music of the ballet dies away and she is alone. The end is near; with one quick wild look at the peaceful scene around her she springs to the bank, crouches for an instant among the rushes, and is drawn out by the tide. Upborne by her garments she sings until the envious waves drag her down.

"Doubt that the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt, I love."

The opera terminates with a seventh Tableau, in which Hamlet (heaven save the mark!) is proclaimed King; Gertrude repents of her evil deeds; and Laertes and Polonius survive. This act, however, is generally dropped, as it was on this occasion, and so we were spared a most ridiculous denouement. This last Tableau includes a duet for the two grave diggers, a soliloquy for Hamlet, &c., &c., but I imagine no one could wish to hear it after the mad scene, which is the proper close of the Opera.

A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28.—The chain of musical entertainments which has all winter extended through our city, for the past two weeks seems to have been broken; for only a stray concert or two and a very short season of English Opera

have been vouchsafed to us. On Saturday evening Mr. Wolfsohn's Testimonial Concert took place at the Academy of Music. Miss Mehlig and Miss Mogeni were the attraction. The programme was entirely too long [there were eleven numbers besides the Pastoral Symphony], but was admirably arranged to suit all tastes. Miss Mehlig played Weber's "Polonaise Brillante," instrumentation by Liszt. Her playing was faultless; not so with the Orchestra, however, for I rarely ever heard such floundering. In the Chopin Nocturne and Tausig's "Weber's Invitation à la Danse" she was unfettered by the orchestra, and her performance was thoroughly agreeable. Miss Morenelli has been studying in Europe for five years, and the occasion was her first appearance since her return. She sang Rossini's "Ah! quel giorno" and Millard's "Waiting." She has a painful and, in her low chest notes, a disagreeable contralto voice. She seems not to know how to manage it; her transition from chest to head is an ugly break as to flexibility; had she not sung the *Semiramide* air I should have thought that she did not claim that virtue, for her voice is totally destitute of it. I should imagine Schubert's songs for a deep voice, and a few of Mendelssohn's arias would better suit her.

The Pastoral Symphony on the whole was very well given. In the Andante, where the violins have sixteenth notes, and the Flauto Primo has a solo in F, the former were not evenly played. In the Scherzo and Allegro we found the fault that they were too slowly played. The other pieces I am forced to omit mentioning, as I fear I may lack space.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th, we had three performances by the Parepa Rosa Troupe. "Martha," "Bohemian Girl" and the "Water Carrier" were the operas. The last Mme. Parepa chose for her farewell benefit. Mme. Rosa herself we never heard sing better; in the Gounod air which she introduces [a great breach of good taste to my mind] she surpassed herself and won great applause. Karl and Cook were excellent also. In "Martha" I was delighted to find how thoroughly Mrs. Seguin has recovered from her recent indisposition. The whole quartet were in capital voice. Castle's upper notes seem a little weary of so much use, and Mr. Campbell inclines to sing a shade sharp, but the audience was charmed. At the Matinée ["Bohemian Girl"] Mrs. Seguin assumed the ungainly part of the "Gypsy Queen," and introduced an air from Balfe's "Satanella." Parepa in the "Dream" won torrents of applause by the way she held her mezzo-voice flat at the end. They have gone, not to return for two or three years.

On Saturday evening, March 23d, Mr. Kopta, our favorite violinist, gave a concert. Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Remmert were the attractions. Mr. Mills was glorious in Chopin's *Valse et Etude* and in Tausig's *Soirées de Vienne*, [No. 3]. He also played Liszt's *Hexameron* for two performers, with Mr. Jarvis. The performance was most delightful. The "Suoni la tromba" theme was so clearly brought out at each of its frequent recurrences that not a single note was lost, and the Weber Grand on which they played seemed to strive to do its part too. Mr. Remmert sang Liszt's "Angiolini dal biondo erin," and Wallace's "A Father's Love." He has a good round voice, but is fearfully inclined to sing out of tune. Mr. Kopta played the Andante and Allegro from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto with elegant finish and taste. In the Hungarian Airs by Ernst he did not play with as much spirit or force as the piece requires. Spohr's D minor quartet (double) was excellently given by a picked double string quartet. The last number on the bill was an Overture by Sveredens. I have never heard it before, and it was so strange that I forgot to criticize, I was all wonder at the curious fugue and imitations.

Of the Easter music at the Romish and Episcopal churches I hope to let you know in my next, and also the "Abt" and "Beethoven" Societies' concerts, which occur next week. On April 19 we are to have the "Dettingen Te Deum," and on the 18th Costa's "Eli." N.

LEIPZIG.—The seventeenth Gewandhaus Concert had for its programme simply Handel's *L'Allegro*, *il Penseroso* ed *il Moderato* (Milton's words), for soli, chorus and orchestra, in the new arrangement ("Bearbeitung") with completed accompaniment, by Robert Franz. The solos were sung by Frau Peschka Leutner, Fräulein Gutschbach, Fräulein Borée, and Herren Rebling and Gura. The criticisms in the *Signale* and the *Neue Zeitschrift* are warmly in praise of Franz's labor.

The seventh Soirée of Chamber Music, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, Feb. 17, had a thoroughly romantic stamp, the selections being wholly from Schumann and Schubert. Of the former were played the string Quartet in F (op. 41, No. 2), and the Variations for two pianos, op. 46. Schubert was represented by the string Quartet in D minor, and the piano Trio in B-flat, op. 99. The principal pianist was a Fräulein Annette Essipoff, who showed extraordinary talent. The second piano in the Schumann Variations was played by Reinecke. Concertmeisters David and Röntgen, and Herren Hermann and Hegar formed the quartet.

A fourth Symphony by Joachim Raff, in G minor, op. 167, is just published both in score and four-hand arrangement.

BERLIN. Among the interesting performances of last month were those of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," by Stern's Society, Fr. Orgeni giving great satisfaction in the part of the Peri, and Handel's *Athalia* by the Singakademie.—The Symphony Soirée of the Court Orchestra (Feb. 16) had for programme two Symphonies: by Ullrich, in B minor, and by Beethoven, No. 7, in A; and two Overtures: Spohr's to *Faust*, and Gade's "In the Highlands." The Quartet Evening of the same date (Herren Schiever, Franke, Wolff and Hausmann) offered three string Quartets: Haydn in G, Schubert in A minor, and Beethoven in F, op. 59.

Feb. 17. Von Bülow's last concert; 19. Concert of the Gustavus Adolphus Society; 21. second Musical Evening of Fuchs; 22. Orchestral Concert of L. E. Bach.—Same evening, Sacred Concert of the Dom Chor, who performed: "History of the Passion and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," in a *capella* choruses and recitatives, composed from the four Passions by Heinrich Schütz and published by E. Riedel.

Feb. 24. Second concert (2nd cycle) of the "Symphoniecapelle," aided by the Academic Vocal Society and the pianist Fr. Annette Essipoff from St. Petersburg. Among other things given were three choruses from "King (Edipus)" by Bellermand.—Same evening, Handel's *Samson* in the Luisenkirche; also concert of the Bach Society, under the direction of Dr. Rust.—In short no end of concerts of all sorts.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The operas in the first half of February were: Wagner's *Rienzi*; Auber's *Masaniello*; Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*; Spohr's *Jessonda*; Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; Meyerbeer's *Prophète*; Auber's *Domino Noir*; and Gluck's *Armida*.

HALLE.—The following is the programme of a concert given under the direction of Herr Brandis, Jan. 27:

*Te Deum Laudamus*, by Verhulst (Soli by Geo. L. Osgood, of Boston); Pastorale from Bach's second Christmas Cantata; Aria from Handel's *L'Allegro*, as arranged by Franz, (G. L. Osgood); "Der Gondelfahrer," Schubert; two chorus songs: a. "John Anderson," b. "Das Mädchen von Gowrie," by Dürrner; three Songs by Franz: a. "Du hast mich verlassen, Jamie!" b. "Schlummerlied," c. "Die Verlassene," (G. L. Osgood); two Chorus Songs by Brandis; "Das Thal des Espingo," by Rheinberger. Mr. Osgood's piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Dresel, also of Boston.—The *Neue Zeitschrift* of Leipzig says: "The great hits of the evening were the Franz songs, which we meet at last more frequently in houses and in concerts." Of Osgood it says: "His voice is of a sympathetic quality, excellently schooled; his enunciation a model for singers, his delivery most carefully and finely shaded; in the songs he won all hearts."—An attack of bronchitis compelled Mr. O. to give up his engagement in Hamburg.

DRESDEN. We have before us the programme given by G. L. Osgood, Feb. 21, in the Hôtel de Saxe. It includes: Sonata for piano and violin, by Ed. Grieg, performed by Fr. Hertwig and Herr Heckmann; Recit. and Aria from Mozart's *Entführung* (Osgood); Piano Solos: *Fantasiestück* by Volkmann, *Passiepie* and *Gavotte* by Silas, *Valce-Caprice* by Raff; Songs by Schubert (Osgood): "Nähe des Geliebten," "Wanderers Nachtlied," "Weinen und Lachen;" Violin Sonata in A, Handel; Songs by Franz (Osgood): "Du hast mich verlassen, Jamie," Goethe's "Märlied," and "Was pocht mein Herz so sehr?"—Here too the singer met with warm recognition and material success.

PARIS.—The Concert at the Conservatoire (*Société de Concerts*) on Sunday, Feb. 18, had for its programme: Mozart's G-minor Symphony; unaccompanied chorus, "Le Départ," by Mendelssohn; Beethoven's E-flat Piano Concerto, played by M. Dela-borde; Air from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, by

M. Bosquin; "fragments" of a Symphony by Saint-Saëns; Chorus from Haydn's *Creation*.—M. Pasdeloup on the same day, in his Popular Concert at the Winter Circus, gave: *Jubel Overture* by Auber; Symphony in E flat by Saint-Saëns (Allegro,—Marche-Scherzo,—Adagio,—Finale); Gavotte by Bach; Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture*; Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music.—Same day, at the Châtelet, Henry Litloff gave a popular festival, bringing out for the first time his dramatic Symphony "Les Gueffes." Two little violinists, Laura and Mathilda Herman also took part.—Same evening, Concert at the Grand Hotel, under the direction of M. Danbé: Overture: "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; *Pavane*, Auber; Serenade by Ch. M. Widor, for piano, executed by MM. Donjon, Loys, Danbé, Faure and the author; Finale of Symphony in D, Haydn; Theme and Variations in Beethoven's Septuor; fragments of the Ballet in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*; Entr'acte in Gounod's *La Colombe*; Overture to *Marie*, Herold.—A large Sunday fall of music!

Without the fear of Handel before him, M. Wekerlin has composed music to *Alexander's Feast*, not to Dryden's Ode, but to words by Dorat. It was performed in his second (invitation) concert at the Salle Pleyel, March 2. *Le Menestrel* thinks the composition does him honor.

Fourth séance of the *Société classique* at the Salle Erard: Trio in B flat, Beethoven; String Quartet in A, Mendelssohn; Mozart's Quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Andante and Variations from Beethoven's fifth Quartet. The pianist was M. Duvernoy.

March 3.—The Concert at the Conservatoire offered: the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven; Scene from Gluck's *Alceste*, sung by Mme. P. Viardot and M. Caron; "Adieu aux Jeunes Mariés," unaccompanied chorus, by Meyerbeer; fragments from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Air from Gluck's *Orphée* (Mme. Viardot); fragments from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust"; Weber's Overture to *Oberon*. This concert was in aid of the subscription for the deliverance of French territory; yet the music, with the exception of but one piece, was all by composers of the hated German nation! However, we do not blame them for wishing to have a good programme. Goethe says, *per contra*, in *Faust*: "Your real German cannot bear a Frenchman, but he likes his wines." The concert realized 18,158 francs, plus "bravos indescriptibles, incalculables." Mme. Viardot Garcia, says the *Menestrel*, made her first re-appearance after a long absence. "Leaving us in the days of prosperity, she established a school in Germany; hastening to return to us in our adversity, she was unwilling to let herself be heard for the first time in Paris, until she could do it in honor of the deliverance of French soil. This good and beautiful inspiration has won her the double suffrage of the first musical public of the whole world (!), for the *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*, without a rival in both hemispheres, it is safe to proclaim it, has formed for itself an incomparable public. This public *d'élite* did not demand of Mme. Viardot her voice of former days; it bowed before that marvellous accentuation, that incisive expression, that phrasing so rich in its contrasts, hailing with its best bravos the great interpreter of the great Gluck."

At the Concert Populaire, the same day, "it was a great feast for the ears," says our genial authority above quoted. MM. Alard, Franchomme, Trombetta, de Bailly, Mohr, Grisez and Lalande executed the Septuor of Beethoven "with an incomparable perfection."

March 10. The programme at the Conservatoire was as follows: Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn; fragment of "Les Sept. Paroles," Dubois; 29th Symphony in G, Haydn; Chorus from Lull's *Armide*; Overture to *Freyshütz*.—Mme. Viardot and M. Saint-Saëns were to appear at Pasdeloup's concert.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Little Orphan. (L'Orfannella). 4. F to G. Ardit. 40

"Meschinetta pastorella,"

"From the mountain to the city."

Neat, sweet and plaintive. Song easy, but the accompaniment makes it a trifle more difficult.

I'm Number One. 2. Bb to e. Wellman. 30

"I'm first on the list of the nobby swells."

In popular "song and dance" style. Very pretty melody.

Come to the Sea. (Vieni al Mar). Trio, Soprano, Tenor and Alto or Bass. Gordigiani. 60

"To you shore ah, speed thy rowing,

Hasten, hasten, Gondolier!"

Very taking at first hearing, and one of the kind that dwells pleasantly in the memory. Should be a successful concert trio.

Sparkling in the Winter. Song and Chorus. 2. Abbey. 30

"But for sparkling in the winter—

There is nothing like a sleigh-ride."

Pretty tune and pretty song.

Good Bye, Charlie. 2. Bb to e. Hunt. 30

"When you are away,

Do not forget your Nelly darling."

A sea-side ballad for sailor's brides, and all others.

Thinking of Thee. 3. Db to f. Roelfson. 30

"The sunset crimson on the heights,

Flushing the cold snow with its kiss."

In excellent taste. A fine song.

O let me love thee. 4. B to G. Pratt. 30

"Oh, let me love thee still, my hope,

Bright spirit of my youthful dreams."

Capable of deep expression.

I am the gayest of the gay. 3. F to d. Operti. 35

"I'm the jolliest, the gayest of the gay,

There's none like me; how could there be?"

A jolly song and dance.

We'll vote for Grant again. Song and Chorus. 2. G to c. Percy. 40

"We'll vote for Grant again, boys."

A campaign song. Vignette title. Let us have a

good sing out of this election, anyhow. Easy compass.

Any number of thousands can sing it together, (sup-

posing they have the music).

Memory. Trio. Soprano, Contralto and Tenor. 4. G to G. Leslie. 40

"Oh! Memory. Oh! Memory!

When all things change, we fly to thee."

Reminds one of the best opera trios.

Little Baby's gone to sleep. 3. F to f. Benedict. 35

"Through the door the angels made

Darling baby has passed in."

Words by Dexter Smith, who knows how to take

hold of "mother's" feelings. Beautiful song.

She was a Spark. 2. G to d. Lee. 30

"She was a Belle,—

And just the girl for me."

Easy comic song.

### Instrumental.

Devotion de Matin. 5. Eb. Ziegfeld. 50

What one might name a "brilliant" sacred melody

with a rich workmanship of harmony about it. One

can safely commend it highly.

Wine, Women and Song. (Wein, Weib und 4 hands. 3. Strauss. 1.00

Gesang). A well-known favorite, but acquires a sort of "or-

chestral" character when played with 4 hands.

Cheerfulness. Danse Elegante. 3. C. Voss. 40

Decidedly elegant and neat.

Carlotta Polka. Op. 222. 4. Bb. Ketterer. 50

Full of crisp brightness, with occasional legato ce-

tate movements for contrast. Requires a light hand.

Salterello. Op. 266. 4. F. Ketterer. 60

Played *Presto* and includes a succession of very

quick, light springs. Rapid as a Tarantelle, but of a

sweeter quality.

The Snow-Bell. 4. F. Jungmann. 50

Perfectly beautiful. For its full delicate effect, it

requires extreme delicacy of touch.

Joy Belle Idylle. 4. A. Jungmann. 50

Very bright. Among the best.

German Hearts. (Deutsche Herzen). Waltzes. 3. 75

Very brilliant and Strauss-like.

Sparkling Cascade Mazurka. 5. F. Williams. 50

The light arpeggios that constitute a waterfall move-

ment are not often found in mazurkas, but they are

very gracefully introduced in this one.

Fairy Favors Waltz. 3. D. Lange. 50

Very pretty waltz. Belongs to the set of pieces

called "Feries Musicales."

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.



